

# BURIED ALIVE FOR FIVE MONTHS HE RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE TO CLAIM HIS BRIDE

would they find dreadful evidence of premature burial, and a horrible resurrection to a terrible death of slow torture? Was that what poor Miss Godfrey's obsession had meant? Had they come too late? And if that was so, how came the casket open. The girl could scarcely control her-

## Two Notices That Reverse the Usual Course of Events

FROM KANSAS CITY PAPERS, JANUARY, 10, 1906.

Died—At the home of his parents, 2829 Euclid avenue, Frederick J. Harvey, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. His death was due to consumption, which caused a lingering illness for the past three years.

He returned from an extensive visit in New Mexico, where he had hoped to regain his health, and had been home a week, being conscious to the last minute. He was twenty years and five months old, leaving a prostrated mother, father, sister, and affianced wife, Miss Lily Godfrey, to mourn his loss. Funeral Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

FROM KANSAS CITY PAPERS, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

Married—At the home of his parents, 2829 Euclid avenue, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Frederick J. Harvey and Miss Lily Godfrey, daughter of George N. Godfrey, of Denver. Chicago and California papers please copy.

self sufficiently to approach the coffin. She found Mr. Harvey just as he was on the day of his burial. The lips and finger nails were still pink. There was no sign of the stiffening which follows death. There was not a sign of decay. Together mother and sweetheart chafed the hands of the boy they had both loved so well. Together they tried as they had tried four months before to develop some signs of life. But they could not. More than ever they were sure he was not dead. So they had the body removed to his home, and placed in his old bedroom. There it lay for another four months, even as it had lain in the vault among the dead. Every day the fond mother attended it, but not a sign of life appeared to encourage her. Her one hope lay with the fact that no disintegration had set in.

Day by day mother and sweetheart watched by his side, waiting in vain for some sign of the life that they felt sure yet lingered. Physicians came and marveling at the condition of the body tried every known means of resuscitation, and failing, went scarcely dared go nearer for fear that she would find it empty, that some miscreant had stolen the body. Something must have happened. Would they find the body gone—or

day. He was—would have been—she did not know which term to use—twenty-one years old that day. And still he lay like a log, irresponsive, and whether living or dead no man could tell. Later Lay came around, and the suffering mother mused on what he had done last Labor Day, and which of the merry parties of young people that were streaming past her door, he would have joined if—Her heart was near to breaking, but her vigil, though she did not know it, was drawing to a close. For the next day, September 4, eight months, lacking five days, after his death, her boy came to life. Her faith was justified.

## Opened His Eyes.

Suddenly she found him lying there with wide-open eyes, unseeing, apparently, but open. He was still unconscious, but he lived. Dead men do not open their eyes. A doctor was sent for hurriedly. He came, as he had come before, out of respect for a mother's grief, not because he believed that the dead had come to life. He found a living man, whose funeral he had attended months before. And without stopping to ask whether it could be, when he found that it was, he set himself to fanning the flickering flame of life into a more cheerful blaze. And he succeeded.

There was tremendous excitement in the neighborhood. His sweetheart was telegraphed for and came to him as quickly as steam could bring her. Meanwhile Harvey was telling of his terrible experience. He had been, according to his story, conscious of everything that had happened during those eight months, but unable to move. He said that he knew Miss Godfrey was with him and knew when she left. But for the fortunate accident by which the casket was left open—the undertaker leaving it to the pallbearers to close it, and the pallbearers supposing the undertaker would do it—he would have suffocated. As it was, he must have breathed through the pores of his skin.

Soon after he had come to on that morning after Labor Day, young Harvey was able to get up and walk around. In the afternoon he took a trolley ride. The next day Miss Godfrey arrived and they were married at once and started immediately on their wedding trip. It is to be a good long wedding trip, covering all the scenic lines in the United States, and then they hope to be happy ever after. For they feel that they have had their share of troubles. Such is the curious story that comes out of the West of the man who was dead and is alive.

FREDERICK J. HARVEY, of Kansas City, after being dead and buried—dead for nearly eight months, and buried for about four of them—is now on his wedding tour. No, there aren't two Frederick J. Harveys—or if there are, they aren't involved in this story. The Frederick J. Harvey who died and was buried early last January is the same Frederick J. Harvey, who was married early this month, September 5, to be exact. He is the son of Barnard Harvey and grandson of the late Frederick Harvey, the millionaire owners of all the eating houses on the Santa Fe line, and most of them on the Frisco. The family is well known throughout the United States. And there was nothing queer about his death either. He was consumptive in the first place. He had spent months traveling in New Mexico and Arizona in vain search of health. He came home to spend Christmas with his family in Kansas City, contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. His system, already weakened by tuberculosis, could not throw off the additional trouble, and on January 9, 1906, the attending physicians pronounced him dead. Three days later he was buried in the family vault, and for four months lay on a marble slab with the casket of his aunt on one side of him and the casket of his father on the other. His funeral occurred at 3 o'clock on Friday, January 12, and was recorded in the Kansas City Journal. A long notice of his many friends and devoted

family followed, as he was popular. He was, and still is, a fine fellow, lightly built, with fiery black eyes and hair.

But his fiancée, Miss Lillian Godfrey, did not know that, and would have it that he was not dead. He could not be dead. She didn't care if animation and respiration had ceased. She wouldn't believe that he was really dead. She wept and moaned, and for three days watched by his coffin until finally it was hidden from her view in the family's tightly closed vault.

## Could Not Believe Him Dead

Even then she could not bring herself to accept the doctor's statement that he was dead. They had looked forward to at least a few years of happiness together, and she would not believe that they were never to taste of it. The family, her family as well as his, grieved for her, believing that grief had unhinged her mind. Finally crazed by the feeling that the man she loved was not really dead, Miss Godfrey, whose home is in Denver, came to Kansas City, during the first week of May, and begged the family to accompany her to the vault. It seemed best to humor her, and

her persistent faith had awakened a tiny little hope in his mother's heart. Of course, her boy was dead, but still—! And so with a sort of shame-faced eagerness, the elder woman accompanied the younger one. They went, these two who had loved him best, to the cemetery, where four months before they had left him. Entering the family vault for the first time since his burial, they paused astounded at the door. The elder woman leaned in the doorway almost fainting. The younger one felt for a moment that a new sorrow was in store for them. The casket was open—and she

scarcely dared go nearer for fear that she would find it empty, that some miscreant had stolen the body. Something must have happened. Would they find the body gone—or

# The Case of the Man Who Vanished : By Scott Campbell

Continued from Third Page.)

dark, when compared with the life and light in other precincts of the city. At twelve-thirty, Boyd and Jimmie Coleman, both in disguise, came from the alley opposite Broger's shop, and quietly crossed the street. The windows of the shop were covered with wooden shutters, yet a chink of light showed that a lamp burned feebly within, and Boyd at once rapped softly on the door.

For a moment silence only followed the knock. Then, much as if some one within had paused briefly to listen, and felt reassured by the cautious quietude over the door, a voice whispered sharply through the keyhole of the door:

"Who's there?"

Boyd bent down to answer, crying softly:

"Is that you, Broger?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I've got a message for one of the gang—Wykoff," whispered Boyd, taking a chance of hitting the nail on the head.

"He's here, but—who sends you?"

"A fat question, you fool, to expect me to answer through an oak door," Boyd harshly growled. "Open it, you dog, and I'll tell you."

His authoritative accents had the desired effect, for Broger now opened the door a few inches, disclosing his frowzy head, and quickly demanded: "I want Wykoff. When was the Big Finger?"

"The Big Finger—yes, of course! Let us in! Do you want me to blow the whole business out of doors? I've got a message for Wykoff. Where is he?"

"You wait here," said Broger. "I don't know either of you—"

"Do you come from the Big Finger here last, and who—"

"I'm not answering questions," snarled Broger resentfully. "You wait a bit. I'll call Wykoff, and see if—"

"You have a look at this instead!" Boyd sternly interrupted, seizing the man's arm and quickly thrusting a revolver under his nose. "Careful—do not open your mouth, Broger! If you do, I'll send a lead pill down your rascally throat, which you'll never digest in this world. The bracelets, Jimmie! Both hands, Broger; if you please. Now you're right, and secure as a drum. Run him at once, Jimmie, and turn him over to Clancy. Hurry back, old man!"

When Coleman presently returned he found Felix Boyd on his knees at the rear of the shop, peering through a trap door at a ladder leading down to a dark cellar.

"The lamp, Jimmie," he quickly whispered. "I'll go down ahead, then you pass me the lamp and follow."

As Coleman descended through the trap, two burly central office men appeared at the door, and softly entered the shop. At each corner of the square occupied by the Trust building, moreover, two officers then were waiting and watching.

By the light of the lamp, Boyd glanced sharply around the cellar. Huge mounds of dirt on all sides confirmed his suspicions.

"There's a tunnel here all right, Jimmie," he whispered. "And the entrance to it must be through the rear wall. Bring the lamp this way."

The foundation wall at first appeared to be intact, yet Boyd's keen eyes soon discovered the break.

"There's a light beyond this wall, Jimmie," he muttered. "Hail here's a section that swines this way. Put out the lamp, old man."

"Out she goes," chuckled Coleman, softly.

For a moment they stood in Egyptian darkness. Then Boyd cautiously drew open the section he had discovered, and by the yellowish glare of an incandescent light there then was revealed a subterranean passage, fully fifty feet long, and running under the area back of Broger's shop. At the farther end of it could be seen another foundation wall, partly broken away; but not a sign of any person was in evidence.

"The knaves have done a big job, and done it well," whispered Boyd. "That farther wall is that of the Trust building, and the break in it is just under the rear of the vault. The scoundrels even have tapped some wire, to light the place. But where the dickens are they now?"

"Not in sight, surely," growled Coleman, under his breath.

"We'll see where the passage leads. There may be a divergent section, in which they are now at work. Follow me, Jimmie, and have your gun ready."

"Ready she is, Felix."

Together the two men left Broger's cellar, and entered the tunnel. Yet they scarce had set foot in it when the prediction of Felix Boyd was verified.

There came an explosion which seemed to shake the earth, and with it a blinding flash of light. As he reeled backward under the sudden awful shock, Boyd saw the distant wall give way for several feet, and a section of the vault floor ruptured like so much tissue paper.

For several moments a thick veil of smoke obscured the passage. Before it fairly had begun to clear, however, a voice which Boyd instantly recognized to be that of Paul Wykoff rang through the farther end of the passage.

"This way, pals!" he shouted, triumphantly. "The job's done! The plunder is ours, for a duce!"

Through the veil of smoke, Boyd saw his tail, lithe figure, as he came

from a divergent passage, and sprang upon the rocks which had fallen from the wall. He was followed closely by two other men, and Boyd drew his second revolver.

"If they show fight, shoot to kill!" He started through the passage while he spoke, and his last word was mingled with a yell of dismay from Wykoff.

"By God, we're done up!" he fairly shrieked. "The cops are on us! Out by that way, boys!"

The two men behind him vanished like a flash. As Wykoff leaped from the rocks, however, Boyd's revolver rang like thunder through the confined place, and the burglar fell with a bullet through his hip, unable to rise when Boyd rushed through the smoke and approached him.

"Look after him, Jimmie!" he shouted. "I'll follow the others!"

As he had suspected, a divergent passage led off to the right. It was in darkness, however, and Boyd could follow it only with difficulty. Not a sound from the men he pursued reached his ears, and he presently came to a heavy wooden bulkhead, which was securely closed. He guessed the truth at once—that this way of escape had been provided against just such an emergency as that described.

Under cover of the darkness, despite the vigilance of the waiting officers, the two burglars who had fled succeeded in making their escape. Paul Wykoff and Broger, however, were promptly taken into camp, and the Sunday editions of the New York papers contained full-page stories of the extraordinary work done by the central office.

For Felix Boyd still chose to remain as much as possible in the background.

"It is wisest and safest at present, Jimmie, and there is a chance that I may not be connected with this job, since neither Wykoff nor Broger knew me," he explained to Coleman, a few days later.

"I think so, too, Felix," admitted Coleman; "yet I'm rather averse to taking so much credit for your own remarkable work."

"Take it and welcome, Jimmie," laughed Boyd. "I still have my head to consider, remember that, while I am seeking that obscure party dubbed the Big Finger. Neither Wykoff nor Broger, though they now are booked for Sing Sing, will betray their confederates, that's already plain enough. As for Kramer, Grimshaw, and the others—Uncle Joe's in this job, they have vanished like bubbles. Yet I have an idea that we yet shall land them, one and all—indeed, I have!"

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Next Week, "The Case of the Big Finger."

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHS.

Senator Cullom means to say that "Uncle Joe" Cannon stands so pat that he leans backward.—New York World.

The real "group of toll" in Russia appears to be composed of sextons and grave diggers just at present.—Detroit News.

Gompers' idea of digging the Panama canal is that nobody must be hired there who is willing to do the work.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Socialist candidate for governor in the Georgia campaign is blind. Fifty some of the Democratic candidates are not dumb.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

It is only when one gets back from his vacation—his purse empty and his faith in humankind shattered beyond repair—that he realizes the total depravity and awful numerousness of the tip-taker.—Philadelphia Record.

An eye should be kept on Samuel Gompers in his battle to prevent the return of Hon. Charles Edgar Littlefield from the Second Maine Congressional district. In the arduous of his attack Mr. Gompers may be tempted to break through the meshes of the eight-hour law and thus tangle his own argument.—Philadelphia Record.

## Poor Clerk Millionaire's Executor

SUPPOSE you were a clerk, tired to death of the grind and routine of your position; sickened and wearied of the monotonous existence you were leading; longing for the higher things your esthetic temperament demanded, but which your financial condition made impossible, when suddenly, like a shaft of radiant sunshine bursting through dark clouds, you received a letter, a large, ponderous, official looking missive, which contained the information that you had been appointed executor of the estate of a multi-millionaire of New York, who died recently?

And then when you were reveling in sweet dreams, building brown stone cottages in Spain, living a rosiest and fairy existence, suppose you received another letter which informed you that it was all a mistake; that your name had simply been confounded with that of another person; that you hadn't been appointed executor of the multi-millionaire's estate at all.

Wouldn't it make you feel like saying something more expressive than fudge? One of the clerks at the department of the gulf thinks so. Monday morning when he commenced opening his mail, the first letter he came across was a fat one, that argued well from its size. It was just the kind that always bears good news, and he opened it with mounting expectation.

His surmise proved right. The missive contained the information that he had been appointed executor of the estate of John Church, the multi-millionaire's cooer, of New York, who died August 28, at Wilmington, Del. The management of a millionaire's estate sounded rather congenial to the clerk.

But he didn't enjoy his dream very long. After building a score or more of air castles he came back to earth, and commenced examining the rest of his mail. The next letter he opened was one of that slim kind that always con-

tains a bill or something worse if such can be possible.

The letter contained but a few simple words, but how expressive they were. The plith of it was that a mistake had been made. The letter he had received should have been sent to some one else. Would he please pardon the error?

## NUMBER OF THINGS.

Astronomical photographs show stars to the number of 68,000,000.

There are 17,000 daily papers published in the English language.

An expert cigarette maker will roll 2,500 cigarettes a day.

In Rome's cemeteries over 6,000,000 people are buried.

The Greenland whale often lives 450 years.

There are 200 kinds of patent horse-shoes.—Life.

## SAID SHE MIGHT.

The Eastern manager of a large Western manufacturing concern has a beginning clerical appearance that commands confidence. He was standing on a corner in the shopping district of Philadelphia, waiting for a car, when a woman, handsomely gowned, and evidently a stranger, approached him and said, inquiringly:

"I wish to go to the Broad street station."

Instantly he replied in a tone of indulgent seriousness:

"Very well, you can go this time, but don't ever ask me again."—Human Life.

## REASON WHY.

"Say," growled Mr. Subbubs, "Delta knows we always want dinner promptly at 4 o'clock, doesn't she?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Subbubs.

"Well, then, you ought to ask her why she doesn't have it ready at that hour."

"I did, and she said she didn't have to."—Philadelphia Press.